

Bukowski

one comes drunk from ABC via
taxi,
drunk with a walrus mustache
and blue jeans
sits on the couch for 2 hours
telling me
"Bukowski, you are one of the two or
three great writers alive today ..."
"Berryman drinks 2 quarts of whiskey a
day ..."
"Bukowski, you've got a way of putting it
down, you're one of the two or three
great writers alive
today ..."
"Bukowski ..."
somehow I get him back into a cab and
back to the Beverly Hilton ...

the next afternoon
there's another one,
he's sober and stands out on the porch,
I've seen him before
but can't remember the name, I
tell him to come in;
he asks me if I read TIME magazine
from 2 weeks back
and I say, "no," and he says
there was an article on poets
and that I wasn't mentioned
and that he was going to write TIME
and tell them about
me ...

I get him out of there
and then there's the mail:
"Dear sir,
I am writing to tell you
I think you are a great
poet ..."

Bukowski, Bukowski, who is he?
I hate the son of a
bitch.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA